

A Whole 'nother Perspective

by Envirosuit

Category: Halo, Star Wars

Genre: Friendship, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Characters: Master Chief/John-117, Revan

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-11-25 19:34:12

Updated: 2013-02-25 17:16:24

Packaged: 2016-04-27 03:19:57

Rating: M

Chapters: 4

Words: 6,626

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Three fanfiction writers; Brad, Chris and Greg, are given the chance to see what it's like to become their favorite fictional characters. This trio of gamers/writers will quickly discover just how dangerous fictional universes can be. Rated M just in case. Mix of Star Wars, Halo and Dead Space.

1. Prologue and Chapter 1

A Whole 'nother Perspective

By: Deathdemonwolf (Brainstorming, writing), Envirosuit (Brainstorming, writing, posting), and Archer83 (Brainstorming, writing)

Summary: Three fanfiction writers; Brad, Chris and Greg, are given the chance to see what it's like to become their favorite fictional characters. This trio of gamers / writers will quickly discover out just how dangerous fictional universes can be.

We own nothing.

Thoughts

"Dialogue"

"Radio Messages"

Prologue: How it all began

He was sat, staring out into space as his music blared in his ears.

"Hey, "

As the song reached the chorus, he started to bang his head to the

beat.

"Hey!"

What was that annoying noise? It had been droning on for a while now yet he couldn't place what it was.

"Bradley!" Brad shot up in surprise letting his blackberry headphones fall out of his ears. He looked up to see his brother, Chris, staring at him. Chris had on a blood-red tee-shirt with a speech bubble saying WTF. Over this, a leather jacket was worn, which was practically inseparable to the boy. He also wore black Adidas shoes with sea-coloured laces and stripes, a dark blue pair of jeans, complete with a pair of glasses finishing his attire. Chris continued to stare at his still mildly confused brother with dark brown eyes, intently staring at Bradley as his short jagged brown hair bounced a little.

Next to him was their friend, Greg. Two blinding white dragons were imprinted on his dark green shirt with Black Sabbath written along the middle. He had navy blue jeans that hung and a black pair of lace-up work shoes. You could sometimes fear the overwhelming confidence that rode the air around him like a demon on fire. He had dark brown hair with a greenish blue coloured eyes and glasses, along with a little stubbly beard. He was always friendly and sometimes quiet. He also happened to be terribly sarcastic around the others.

Then there was Bradley himself, he wore black jeans with a never-ending darkness on his shirts. On the front of Brad's current shirt was a skull with eyes that had a red glow rivaling the fires of hell and a snake ripping out of one of its eyes. His was worn over this. Brad gave off an extremely immature feeling to the group. His hair was brown, sticking up in several different sections in several different directions.

They looked at Brad with expectancy, a green laptop lighting up the blue and white walls.

"Well?" Chris said impatiently.

"Errâ€¦"Brad offered.

Greg sighed. "You should focus on the story Brad. You are an idiot.", he muttered.

"Screw you too asshole." Brad replied, sending him a playful glare.

He shrugged it off and looked to Chris. "He has absolutely no idea what we are talking about does he?"

"Considering its Bradley, not a chance in Hell." Said person smiled smugly.

"Shut up you little banana!"

"Bestâ€¦Insultâ€¦Everâ€¦Of All Time." Greg and Chris mono-toned at the exact same time. Brad turned and started talking under his breath.

"So what are we talking about?"

"The story!" Chris shouted.

"Oh. OH. Oh." Brad said in a very convincing way. However Chris just face-palmed while Greg chuckled.

"You have no idea do you?" Chris asked.

"Of course I-"Greg looked at Brad in a condescending manner-"don't."

"Move your ass idiot." Chris grunted, shoving Brad out of his seat and sitting in it himself, taking to the keyboard.

While Chris was typing, after Brad managed to pull himself from the floor, he noticed that the keyboard wasn't working anymore. Greg and Chris seemed to have noticed this as well, and looked at the screen. It appeared to be typing its own words! It wasn't a reassuring message.

'I find your work of fiction to be most lackingâ€|even insulting. Perhaps if you faced any true danger yourselvesâ€|your reactions would be much more realistic... Let's play a game shall we?'

"Why is the computer talking to us?" Chris squeaked out in shock, fear showing plainly on his face.

"That's really friggin' weirdâ€|" Greg murmured, an equally shocked look plastered on his features, trying not to show fear but failing.

Brad was stood rooted to the spot, thinking, _What the fu- __, with fear piercing through him. At that moment, they all disappeared in a white bright flash of light as Brad's house exploded around them leaving no trace of the three writers, and no survivors to the human eye. But as the computer took its last electronic breath in the rubble, an insane, electronic cackle could be heard, whispering on the wind.

Chapter 1: Not So Great Beginnings

As they all came to their senses, the first thing that happened was a total freakout. That's putting it mildly actually.

Two armoured men seemed to be in the midst of frantic panic less than ten paces away from Greg. He decided to calm things down after a couple seconds.

"WHOA! Chill the hell out guys, whoever the hell you are, we just need to... why is my voice different? And why am I wearing a damn helmet? "

As he looked down at himself Greg was shocked to realize he was in a green colored suit of armor, and at the same time he had apparently gained a foot in height.

"Don't worry Chief, you'll be fine, just give me a minute to figure out what happened."

Greg jumped at the sudden voice in his helmet as the small image of a blue holographic woman appeared in his vision.

"Oh... you have got to be fucking kidding me! This can't be happening... maybe I'm having a weird kick ass dream..."

The image that appeared on the helmet's visor noticed his shock and said, "Chief... John... are you alright, your starting to worry me."

* * *

><p>Chris looked up to see a spartan straight out of Halo, then he suddenly realized it wasn't just any spartan. It was THE Master Chief towering above him.<p>

"Master Chief? The fuck? Where's Greg and Brad? What the hell happened to my voice?"

Chris looked down at himself to see he was in a Mandalorian helmet and a Mandalorian set of armour. A pair of lightsabers hung limply on his belt and a cape flowed behind him.

"Oh... This isn't good..."

* * *

><p>Greg was distracted from the fact that somehow Cortana, of all people, was talking to him when he noticed the armored man in front of him. The helmet and armor definitely looked familiar, but he couldn't place why. Then the man called him Master Chief and frantically asked where Greg and Brad were.<p>

"Umm... I AM Greg... at least I'm pretty damn sure I am. Who the heck are you buddy?"

Greg paused and looked around.

"And where the hell are Brad and Chris? You better tell me or I'll... go all Master Chief on your ass."

Greg was bluffing, hoping the other man in armor didn't know that, and by this point Cortana was frantic with worry over 'John'.

"Hey! A.I. Lady! Ah Cortana... calm down will you, just give me a second to think."

* * *

><p>Chris heard Master Chief arguing with Cortana and he decided that he wanted answers.<p>

"You tell me where Greg and Brad are or I'll kick your shiny green ass!" Chris growled, fearing for their safety.

Chris brought out his lightsabers and activated them by instinct, seeing their glows of crimson and violet shine before him.

"Hell yes!"

Just at that moment, a man in futuristic armour with an iconic helmet of 2 blue glowing slits stood up.

"Holy shit! Master Chief and Darth Revan?!"

* * *

><p>"What shiny little glow sticks you have there."<p>

Greg instantly regretted his wise ass remark when he realized there was only a pistol on his hip and apparently some type of rifle on his back. He wasn't going to be able to reach either fast enough, facing what looked like real life light sabers.

"And like I told you my NAME is Greg... wait your looking for me and Brad... Chris, is that you?!"

"John... your really upsetting me, please just tell-"

"Your Cortana right? Well... I'm sorry to tell you this but, I'm not John per say"

"What?! John you need some serious help... I'm going to have to-"

Greg didn't wait for her to finish as he quickly remembered where her chip was supposed to located on the Chief's armor, and removed it from the back of his helmet.

"Sorry..."

* * *

><p>Chris watched as Master Chief removed the chip with Cortana in it from the back of his head.<p>

"That really you Greg?" Chris asked curiously, keeping a lightsaber on Master Chief and the other on the man whose armour looked like something Isaac Clarke would wear.

"Yeah."

Chris immediately deactivated his lightsabers.

"That must make you Brad, I'm guessing, Isaac Clarke?"

"No shit, Sherlock! Where are we anyway?"

Chris, Greg and Brad immediately took in their surroundings.

* * *

><p>"Yeah... where the hell are- wait a minute! Idea!"<p>

Greg quickly looked over his suit as Chris and Brad watched, until he found the small circular object he was looking for. He carefully placed Cortana's chip into the small emitter and removed it from his suit. Hopefully the A.I. wouldn't be able to do him, or any of them, any harm that way.

"JOHN! Why did you-"

"I really am sorry, but I'm not John. I swear I'll try to explain when we get a chance. In the mean time, could you please do us one small favor?"

Cortana crossed her arms and pouted, but said, "Fine. What do you need?"

"Can you tell us where exactly we are please?"

Cortana seemed to ponder a moment before responding.

"Well... we were on the halo shaped object which we had been forced to land on, and then after that sudden burst of high intensity energy around you... we seem to be on some type of desert planet. I suggest the three of you find shelter and water quickly."

"Thanks... I guess. Cortana I... we... could really use your help, can I trust you?"

"I have no idea what's happened to you John, but I WILL help keep you safe, and these other two as well, if that's what you want."

"Good enough for me." Greg said as he placed Cortana's chip back safely in his helmet.

"Other two?", Brad and Chris both said at the same time.

"What? She trusts me, and we need all the help we can get. Oh christ... is that a sand crawler?... I have a funny feeling I know where we are."

Chris seemed to grow increasingly agitated as he took note of the sand crawler and their surroundings.

"Tatooine... Fucking Tatooine!", Chris shouted, "Of all the places we could have ended up... could it have at least been some place nice!"

Greg just watched Chris rant for a minutes before saying, "What are you worried about? At least you 'belong' here apparently. Brad and I are going to stick out like sore thumbs!"

Brad, with a huge grin on his face, told them, "This is kind of cool actually... think about it guys! We're in freaking Star Wars! Oh... Greg I don't suppose I could see that sexy hologram again... what's her name?"

Greg watched as Cortana's image shuddered slightly on his HUD. A sudden protective feeling washed over him as he replied.

"Her name is Cortana. And no, I don't think she wants to be 'shown off' right now."

As they started walking toward the sand crawler, hoping to get directions to the nearest town or farm, Greg was again slightly startled by Cortana.

"Thank you for that."

"Uh... thanks for what Cortana?"

"You know what I mean"

Greg just shrugged and replied, "It was nothing, don't worry about it."

He realized he had fallen behind when Chris yelled to him, "Come on 'Chief' this armor is hot as hell in this desert sun! Let's get a move on!"

Cortana's image stared at 'John' for a moment before saying, "Well... thank you anyway."

2. Chapter 2

A Whole 'nother Perspective

By: Deathdemonwolf, Envirosuit and Archer83

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Thoughts

"Dialogue"

"Radio messages"

Chapter 2: This Is Why We Can't Have Nice Things

Its tall shadow blocked out the sun. Cracks were visible everywhere along the ancient hull of the destructive giant, lines held the structure together by the rim. Monstrously large treads grumbled in the sand and occasionally spat out a few large clouds of sand. A bright yellow window stood out from the rusty metallic structure. The top floor of the inside of the behemoth of a vehicle held a room to steer the thing. Looking out that that window, were three people.

One was named Chris, who now was for the intents and purposes in the shoes of Darth Revan, a feared galactic monster that sought to take control of the universe. Fortunately for the universe, Revan may have been mind-wiped by the Jedi Council for that very reason. Then again, that may have not happened yet.

Another was Greg, but he now appeared to be Master Chief, a super-soldier whose home, and many, many other worlds, had been destroyed by the suicidal Covenant. Greg/Chief was thankful paired up with an AI named Cortana, she had already proved herself invaluable, even if very confused by her new situation.

Then there was Brad, or in this case Isaac Clarke, a normal Engineer

who went on a mission to repair the Ishamura but found himself on an insane quest to save his girlfriend, Nicole Brennan.

They had been shocked to find the sand crawler surprisingly empty. Nothing was in there but a few future rats.

Chris looked back to the imposing figures of Greg and Brad. He sighed and turned back to the controls in front of him, before blindly poking at the engine controls, somehow making it splutter and rumble to life, surprising the other people inside.

"Awesome! It actually works.", Brad exclaimed in surprise. His helmet was down, exposing his joyful face.

"Glad to see you have so much confidence in me." Chris muttered, annoyed in his companion's lack of trust.

"Yeah, I have too much confidence don't I.", Brad replied happily.

Cortana resisted the urge to groan out loud.

"You're pretty stupid, and irritating. You know that right?", Cortana muttered, while thinking of how many ways a human can die, and calculating the best long-lasting one; keep victim alive, while letting his manhood burn in acid.

Yup, that one is going to the top of the list, she mused.

Greg noticed the dark grin that had suddenly appeared on Cortana's face. Shuddering at what she might be thinking of, he distracted himself by talking to Chris, "Well Chr- I mean Revan what do you think we should do?"

The brothers raised their eyebrows at the use of the name of Chris' host instead of Chris' own.

"Whats up with the calling him Revan and not Chris stuff?" Brad asked.

"We are in a completely different universe where a Sith lord that can EASILY be recognized and you are asking why he starts calling ME Revan?" said Chris.

An uncomfortable silence settled upon the vehicle's passengers.

"Awkward silences huh? Maybe we should just you know, go to the nearest town.", Chris sighed and turned back to continue driving.

Behind Chris, Greg sat on a chair on the right, while Brad sat on the chair to his left. An odd beeping sound suddenly caught their attention and they all turned and looked at the machine emitting it. Curiously Bradley stuck out a finger and pressed a flashing red button. A missile immediately shot out of the top of the sand crawler, and blasted off into the distance.

All of them froze in place. Almost a minute later someone was finally able to speak, surprising it wasn't Cortana who came out of the

collective shock first.

"We shall never speak of this ever, EVER again.", Greg stated. His two fellow passengers slowly nodded, and went back to trying to figure out the controls.

Greg couldn't help blushing under his helmet when he realized Cortana's image was laughing hysterically. He wasn't the only one blushing when, in between fits of laughter, she told them, "Oh, don't worry too much boys. Premature launch happens to a lot of men."

* * *

><p>A group of travelers laughed at their bitter irony. They had all taken a different route that would get them safely past the demonic horde of sand-people, yet the stupid clots had thought of that somehow. The travelers looked up at the sky and sighed. They needed a miracle. The horde leader walked up to one of the merchants, carefully examining his prey. Suddenly a missile struckâ€| and killed the merchants.<p>

The Sand people looked blankly at the spot their prey and leader had been. One of them suddenly grunted loudly in their strange language, the whole crowd roaring in anger and shock.

* * *

><p>They had finally made it to one of Tatooine's main spaceports. The three of them stood on a hill with the sand-crawler behind them, looking upon the bustling city in front of them. Said city was no doubt filled with some of the worst scum, villainy, and degenerates of the Galaxy.<p>

Suddenly, as a gust of wind blew through the air the sand under 'Isaac's' feet collapsed, sending him rolling down the hill head over heels, cursing with swears that would make a pirate grimace at the descriptive words. Greg and Chris just looked at each other, not sure exactly what to do.

They were jolted out of their indecision when Cortana yelled at both of them, "What the hell are you two waiting for?! Go after the jack ass before he hurts himself! ... Well, before he hurts himself more."

Greg grabbed Chris by the shoulder, and started dragging him down hill after his brother.

"You heard the lady! She's right, Br-Clarke wont last 5 minutes without us.", Greg told him.

A few minutes later, as the two of them were just about to reach Brad, who was spread eagle on his back, and clearly groaning in pain, they were interrupted by a loud shouted command.

"You there! How dare you touch the mighty Lord Revan! Release him immediately or we will open fire!", yelled a man who looked like an officer of some sort.

Looking at the man, Chris was more concerned with who was accompanying him, 12 armed troopers who were already aiming their

rifles at Greg and Brad.

Greg instantly let go of 'Revan's' shoulder. As he bent over to help Brad to his feet, he whispered to Chris, "You're on Revan, try not to get us fucking killed, will ya?"

3. Chapter 3

A Whole 'nother Perspective

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Thoughts

"Dialogue"

"Radio Messages"

(({E}))

Chapter 3: It's not every day you get amnesia

Chris brushed Greg's hand off of his shoulder, as if it were a speck of dirt as he looked at the soldiers in front of them.

They looked familiar, Chris knew they were associated with Revan somehow—wait, these were Sith from KOTOR!

"Stand down; I was simply giving orders to these two mercenaries." Chris called out in a commanding tone. The troopers lowered their blasters and then Chris motioned Brad and Greg to him.

"Guys, here's some credits. Get yourselves to Taris. You may see me there but I'll probably be unconscious for a couple of days." Chris quickly told them as he passed them some credits.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, how are we going to recognise you?" Brad whispered.

Chris took off his mask and passed it to Greg. He also passed him two lightsaber colour crystals, purple and red. Greg confusedly looked up to see Chris' face and he was shocked. It had changed dramatically. Chris now had a harsh shade of rough black hair with piercing yellow eyes. His mouth seemed to be stuck in a snarl and his eyebrows furrowed as if he were scowling. He had a rough scar traversing his right eye.

"Done staring yet?" Chris asked amusedly, his eyes staring at Greg's

mask.

"You look totally different." Brad whispered, shocked.

"Good different or bad?" Chris questioned, his head swivelling to look into Brad's slatted visor.

"I hate to inflate your ego butâ€¦ it's a good change." Greg answered.

Chris' eyes sparkled with triumph but he changed it immediately.

"Greg, do you have a sort of camera function in that helmet of yours?" Chris asked, looked to him.

"It has a recording function; I've been recording the conversation. I'll be able to find you in a crowd." Cortana chipped in; seemingly trying to pretend Brad wasn't there, since he had started to stare at her ever since she popped up.

Greg seemed to notice this and he angrily stared at Brad, his protective instinct kicking in. Brad managed to save his reproductive organs by understanding the message the visored stare was sending, _Stop it_.

Brad unwillingly averted his gaze and looked to Chris who was frowning at him.

"Chris, want the mask back?" Greg asked, holding the mask out.

"Nah man, I want to wear that when you find me. And this tooâ€¦" Chris muttered as he walked to the Sith troopers, grabbed a spare set of Mandalorian armour and passed it to Greg.

"Why do you even have a spare set of armour?" Brad asked, confused.

"I have Revan's memories now. He apparently loves Mandalorian armour." Chris answered, amusement twinkling in his eyes. He then pulled out a spare Mandalorian mask from his pocket and put it on. "Now, try not to get robbed and get on a ship to Taris. Good luck."

Chris then walked over to the Sith troopers. "Take me to the ship." He commanded.

The lead soldier nodded and all of the soldiers got into two lines beside Chris. They then started to march to the ship, with Chris in tow.

Greg and Brad watch as Chris marched off with the soldiers.

"Well... what the fuck do we do now?", muttered Greg

Brad shrugged, "Don't look at me, I have no-"

"The two of you are completely, utterly, hopeless. You realize that right?"

Greg glared as his HUD saying, "Thanks for the helpful tip Cortana..."

The grin on Cortana's face fell away when she noticed how lost the two men seemed, and she decided to help them once again.

"If it makes you idiots feel any better... I'm reasonably sure I can hack a ship, if you can get close enough, and pilot it to this 'Taris' Christopher mentioned for you." Cortana almost chided herself for the grin that reappeared as Greg and Brad both perked up at this welcome news.

Brad raised an eyebrow saying, "Wait... can you really do that?"

Annoyed, she replied, "I'm 4,768,374 times smarter than you... yeah, I think I can handle that."

4. Chapter 4

A Whole 'nother Perspective

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Thoughts

"Dialogue"

"Radio Messages"

{(A)}

Chapter 4: Not a game anymore

Brad held his hand over his mouth as Cortana unlocked the ship's hatch.

"Eww... it smells like something died in here!"

"Complain, complain, complain. That's all you organics ever do!" Cortana chided.

Greg was glad to be wearing the helmet, because even with air filters the stench was starting to get a tad overpowering.

"Uh Cortana... I think the man might have a point."

Cortana looked away from Greg for a moment on his HUD as she scanned

the ship.

"It does seem to have been left abandoned for at least two or three days. Wait! I'm picking up faint life signs towards the rear of the ship."

Greg instant grabbed the rifle off his back as he motioned to Brad. "Well, 'Isaac', you want to check it out first?" Brad quickly backed away from the hatch. "Fuck that! YOU'RE the human friggin tank! You check it out!"

If anyone had been around, they would have seen a rare event. Master Chief sighing and shrugging his shoulders. "Oh well... Fuck it. Here I go, watch my ass Brad."

"Eww."

Greg sighed again. "I mean, watch my back jackass."

"Oh... got it."

The ship seemed relatively small, maybe around 7 meters in height, 10 meters wide and 20 meters long.

"Cortana, would you please see if you can restore this things power systems?"

"I should be able to Chief, but you'll need to get me closer to the main computer near the bridge."

"Do me a favour Cortana, and watch out for Brad for a few minutes. I'm transferring you to the holo emitter, okay?"

Cortana crossed her arms and gave Greg a rather irritated look. "Fine... but I'm only promising he'll still be alive when you get back... he's an accident waiting to happen after all."

Greg carefully transferred the AI's chip over to the small disk shaped device and handed it to Brad. "Here, have fun you two!"

Cortana's image instantly popped up from the device and pointed towards the bridge. "That way meat bag."

Brad scowled at the AI. "Hey! You could be a little less bitchy you know!"

"I could... but I don't want to. Now start moving before I decide only The Chief is worth helping and you end up dead in a ditch within two days."

"So straight, then hang a left?"

Greg shook his head in amusement as Brad seemed to swallow his pride and followed Cortana's directions. Then he headed in the opposite direction to check out the marked areas on his HUD where life had been detected.

Carefully making his way through the dark corridors, only his helmet lights providing illumination, Greg quickly reached a hatch to what

look like a large cargo area on his HUD. As the corridor suddenly lit up and the ships power systems came back on line Greg jumped so hard in surprise that the top of his helmet made a small dent in the ceiling.

"Stupid. I should have seen that coming."

Cortana's voice came over the suit's radio. "Sorry didn't catch that Chief, everything all right? As you can see I've restored most of the ships systems. Give me another two minutes and we'll be in business. According to the ship logs, it looks like the crew ditched the ship here and ran. Probably criminals of some type. The meat bag, excuse me, Brad and I will be down shortly."

Greg smirked as he heard some irritated noises in the background. Then he stepped forward and opened the hatch in front of him, rifle at the ready. A chill of fear and shock raced through him as he realized what he was looking at. At least a dozen bodies littered the cargo area. All of them appeared to be non-human, but Greg really didn't have time to look. He was too busy ripping off his helmet and loudly vomiting, as he sank to the deck on his knees.

A minute later he could hear shouting from Brad behind him. "Jesus fucking Christ! Greg! Are you alright?! What happened?"

Brad quickly ran over to his distraught friend and placed a hand on his armoured shoulder. A moment later he noticed that Cortana actually looked upset and was reaching from the emitter in his other hand, as if to touch the man in front of them.

Brad found himself reassuring her immediately, even if she hadn't exactly been nice to him so far. "Hey, it's okay C. He'll be alright, I promise you. Here, I need to check this out but do me a favour and just talk to him alright?"

Cortana nodded her head gratefully as Brad gently set the emitter on the floor in front of Greg. "Chief? ...Greg just calm down, you're going to be fine."

He could see why the man had been so sickened, but he figured it had to be bad and was better prepared for the sight that greeted him.

Brad slowly entered the room and surveyed the horror around him. Suddenly he looked back over his shoulder at Cortana and Greg. "Wait a minute... Didn't you say there were faint life signs in here C? Someone might still be alive!"

Greg looked up and wiped his mouth off with a gloved hand. "You're right! Cortana can you-"

"Already on it Chief!" The AI told him as he picked up his helmet and replaced her chip and she began scanning the room.

Storing the holo emitter and quickly replacing his helmet, Greg looked over his HUD for locations to check for survivors. Two hot spots appeared in his vision, one faint, and one bright.

"Over here!"

Greg and Brad tried not to think about exactly what they were moving to uncover in the area. Both tried to gently set the bodies aside as quickly as possible, hoping they weren't too late already. After a few moments they found two still living people, a bad hurt adult female Twi'lek and a little girl held in her arms, which had to be her daughter.

Greg knelt next to them, gently removing the rest of the debris which surround them. "Oh my God, we have to do something!"

Brad slowly approached the terrified mother and child as well. Seeing their fear, Brad hit a button on his suit and his helmet retracted to show his face. He gently placed a hand on the mother's shoulder, as he tried to give her reassuring look.

Greg's eyes flicked to the AI on his HUD. "Cortana, we need medical help NOW! Is there a med bay on this ship, or one nearby that we could-"

Cortana couldn't look him in the eye. "I'm sorry Greg. The mother is dying, there's nothing we can do to save her, she's too badly injured."

A desperate cry caught everyone's attention. "Vas te shefen! Vas te ki haren re!"

Before anyone even asked, Cortana translated the mother's cry, "Save her please. Save her I beg you."

Even as tears streamed down his face, Brad quickly nodded to the woman and gently took a sobbing child, of no more than 6 or 7, from her dying arms. Brad held the girl to him and made soft circle motions on her back to try and calm her down.

Greg carefully shifted so the woman could lie back against his chest and he gently held her in his arms, trying to comfort her any way possible. He then moved her arm so she could hold her little girl's hand in her own. Less than a minute later she was gone.

Minutes later, when the only sound was the soft sobbing of the little girl, Cortana spoke up. "I have an idea, put me in the emitter. Maybe I can help calm the girl down a little."

Greg did as she asked, and soon the girl was at least not sobbing as hard as before. It must have been Cortana's kind image, or her gentle voice. Maybe it was because she and the small girl were a similar shade of blue. Whatever it was, Greg and Brad were incredibly grateful for her help in that truly awful time.

Cortana smiled at the young girl and tried a friendly wave. Greg could swear he saw the AI's eyes light up as the girl's crying lessened and all of her attention became focused on the glowing woman in front of her.

Cortana's voice became soft and comforting as she spoke to the girl. "Hello there little one, we're not going to hurt you. I'm so sorry for everything that you've gone through. But, I promise you that no more bad things will be allowed to happen to you. Do you believe me?"

The child slowly nodded while sucking on her thumb and being gently rocked by Brad.

"Honey, could you tell me something, what's your name?"

When she spoke, the quiet whisper that came from the girl's mouth caused everyone, even Cortana, to lean in a little closer to the traumatized child. "Miri... my name is Miri."

"Nice to meet you Miri."

Cortana managed to get Miri to stop crying a short while later when they had moved her to a less horrible part of the ship, and been able to give her some water and food. For the rest of her existence Cortana never once mentioned the tears that had streamed down Brad and Greg's faces that day as well.

({E})

Chris stood at his ship's bridge, putting as much of a show of stoic confidence as he could, scowling all the while.

'_Man, what I'd give for a damn Pepsiâ€|"_'

Chris then looked to the closest officer.

"You there, get me a Pepsi."

The officer Chris looked confused. "What my Lord? You desire a Pepsi? I'm afraid I don't know what that is."

Chris just gave the man his best masked scowl until the officer quickly walked away.

Chris then walked over to an empty terminal and opened up the holonet.

'_Pepsi' _He typed into it, only to see sites for a resistance movement against a planet's government.

Chris straightened himself as he scowled, before closing the browser. Just as he did so, the ship shook violently.

"Status report!" Chris yelled, regaining his balance.

"Sir, two pods have penetrated the ship! It looks to be the Jedi!"

Chris contemplated this, knowing this moment had come.

"Everyone, get to the escape pods! I'll deal with the Jedi myself."

The soldiers all saluted, showing upmost respect for his show of bravery, before running to the escape pods.

Chris then folded his arms, and looked out at the space battle he had unbelievably not noticed. Huge Jedi warships were clashing against his huge army of warships; however the Jedi seemed to be focused on his own ship.

_Figures _

Chris sullenly thought. A loud explosion erupted behind him, and he dramatically turned around.

One very familiar Jedi lady walked into the room, wielding a two-sided yellow lightsaber. A dark-skinned Jedi followed her, his saber green and single sided. A third light-skinned man followed with a blue lightsaber.

Chris unsheathed his purple and red lightsabers, holding them ominously at his sides.

"Bastila, I see you've finally found me." Revan's memories seemed to show that this woman had hunted him ferociously for years.

"It was only a matter of time Revan." Bastila sneered, readying herself for battle.

Chris raised his lightsabers slowly, letting the sabers bathe half of his mask up in a regal purple and a crimson red. He knew that Revan had no qualms about killing Jedi, and that Bastila would eventually get him, so he had to go all out. Whether that be killing a Jedi or two.

"I always had faith that you would find me." Chris ominously stated, enjoying the feeling of being a bad guy. It brought a certain thrill that he did not want to hold on to.

Chris' words seemed to anger Bastila, as she leapt forward, slashing at him.

Chris rolled underneath her strike, and force pushed her into a terminal before facing the two other Jedi.

They were clearly inexperienced, as they held their lightsabers loosely, a fact that would prove to his advantage. He slashed sideways at the dark-skinned man with his left red saber, catching the man off guard.

The man lifted his lightsaber into the way, stopping Chris' slash, though he counted on it. He stabbed at the man's stomach with his right purple saber, noticing the man's widened eyes as he did so.

Just before his saber struck, the other man had managed to bat Chris' saber to the side, causing him to stab into the man's hip.

The man cried out in pain and fell to the floor, and Chris adjusted his stance to face the white-skinned man in front of him, and Bastila behind him.

Bastila made the first move, lunging at Chris with her saber. He pushed the saber down with his own saber, just as he caught the white-skinned man's saber with his own. Chris struggled as he tried to keep both sabers at bay, but he knew they would get him eventually.

So, Chris performed a backflip, causing the white-skinned man to

stumble forwards, while Bastila managed to keep her ground. Chris then performed the action that would forever haunt his conscience.

He slashed downwards with both his sabers on to the man's undefended neck. The man had just been regaining his balance when the sabers burnt through his skin, and the man's head rolled languidly off of his charred neck and on to the floor.

As Chris stared at the horrific act he committed, he barely noticed Bastila lunge at him. Luckily, he managed to backflip over her saber, and slashed at her with all the might he could muster. The two were caught in a powerful battle of might, between lightsabers.

Chris then, however, leapt back and then threw his left lightsaber at Bastila, which she barely ducked under. Just as she stood up, Chris tapped into the force and held his left arm out, before electrocuting Bastila horrifically.

As the poor woman screamed, Chris stared as he started to cook the woman alive, debating whether he was going too far or not.

That was answered however, when the dark-skinned man force pushed him in the back, causing Chris to fly into the terminals at the front of the ship, dropping his remaining lightsaber.

Chris turned to confront the two, only for a powerful explosion to occur, and the closest terminal to fly into the back of his head with great speed.

As Chris slowly fell to the floor, losing himself to the dark of unconsciousness, he saw Bastila victoriously walking over to him, supporting her ally.

End
file.